[fic] Caught in a trap

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Title: Caught in a trap.
Fandom: Supernatural.
Rating: NC-17.
Warnings: Smut, noncon, kinda dark.
Pairings/Characters: Lucifer/Dean.
Word Count: 1,130 words.
Summary: Circumstances have Lucifer traveling via human methods, and Dean can't disobey him due to the same circumstances.
Note: Written for the Kink Bingo. Here's my card. The prompt I used was service.

This is an AU from Season Five.

(Lucifer runs his fingers over the Impala's steering wheel, and lets himself glance at Dean in the passenger seat.)

- Current Mood: peaceful

He forces Dean to dress him. Stands still as Dean slides his shirt on, holds his arms out for his jacket, and studies Dean's expression as he focuses on Lucifer's tie. Dean isn't good at this - not yet - and Lucifer doesn't hide his smirk when Dean mutters a curse as his fingers slip. Experience with tying ropes doesn't make for excellence in tying ties, after all.

Eventually Dean finishes and steps back, and that's when Lucifer picks up his holster from the dresser and puts it on.

"Are we done here?"

"No," Lucifer says, and he holds out a money clip. "Breakfast. The Blue Moon Cafe. I'll be along in fifteen."

"I'm not your servant," Dean mutters, but he takes the clip. He also freezes when Lucifer grips his throat in a sudden movement. His grip is cold, makes Dean shiver.

"You are my servant, Dean. Learn to accept that." Lucifer's smile is nasty, and it's a full thirty seconds before lets go. "Go on, then."

"Yes, sir," Dean says, and Lucifer lets him get away with the tone.

Lucifer runs his fingers over the Impala's steering wheel, and lets himself glance at Dean in the passenger seat. He knows it will be a long adjustment period for Dean, and that Dean may never accept that Lucifer is the driver now.

It doesn't matter. He's getting irritated by Dean's near-constant sulk.

"Dean," Lucifer says quietly, watching Dean stiffen, "Open your pants."

It's always amusing to watch Dean struggle between curiosity and fear. (Emotions usually hidden by Dean's stubborn streak, but Lucifer is learning how to see under that, and he is learning ways to prevent it from appearing.)

Dean hesitates for only a second before he gives in and obliges, unzipping his jeans and pushing them down enough to reveal his cock. Lucifer nods, pleased with how quickly Dean is following orders now, and pleased with his earlier forethought in preventing Dean from donning boxers this morning.

Lucifer drives when the light turns green, and follows the directions until he is on the interstate. Then he turns his attention back to Dean.

"Play with yourself," Lucifer orders. "Don't orgasm. I'll tell you when you can stop."

And what's better than the flush of shame and arousal in Dean's cheeks, or the way he fights the compulsion before he takes his cock in his hands and strokes it, draws fingers up the sides and back down. Lucifer watches this with half of his attention (there are other cars on the road, after all) and grips the steering wheel just a tiny bit tighter.

This may not be as tedious a drive as he thought it would be, not with the way Dean's biting his lip to hold back sound and how Lucifer knows he can leave Dean like that for the hours it will take before they reach the next city.

"A valet, pleasure slave and court jester all in one, Dean." Lucifer comments, and he doesn't hide his chuckle at Dean's outraged expression.

"I've let you come once already, Dean," Lucifer murmurs, biting on Dean's nipple. "I'm not inclined to be so generous so often, and if you continue to press for release I will limit you to one orgasm a day, if that."

They're sprawled on the hotel bed, Dean's handcuffed to the headboard, and bucking helplessly under Lucifer's touches.

Under other circumstances Dean would chalk this up to a very kinky night, wink about it, and might even go for another.

Lucifer, however, has decided that ice-cubes are the order of the day. Ice-cubes and whispered threats and an excess of bites.

He likes marking Dean, after all.

The most important sex of the night occurs in the early morning around three o clock. That's when Lucifer removes the handcuffs and orders Dean to his knees. Lucifer sits on the edge of the bed and spreads his legs, and guides Dean's head in.

"Mouth open. Suck hard, Dean."

It's the first time Lucifer's forced Dean to service him like this.

Dean jerks his head, bites at Lucifer's thigh, at his cock - misses that one but Lucifer hears the click of his teeth meeting each other, and this will not stand.

He cups Dean's face in his hands and looks at him for a long moment, studies the flush on his face and the anger in his eyes.

"Fuck you," Dean says, and "Fuck this."

"But isn't it wonderful that I'm living as a human, Dean? Isn't it wonderful that your world is intact?" Lucifer asks, sarcasm heavy in his tone. "This was your binding. Don't forget that."

"I never - "

It had been Gabriel's information. Sam had carried it out, with his help. Gabriel had volunteered for the sacrifice - the one bound to Lucifer, to obey him in all things - and then, at the last second, he pulled a final dick move on Dean: swapped himself with Dean and it had been too late.

Lucifer was bound to his newly regnerated vessel, powers restricted, and Dean was the cage and key in one.

"Too late for regrets now," Lucifer whispers. "Neither one of us wants this situation, least of all me, so I will make the most of it. Do not bite, do not protest, and suck me off. Now."

Dean's glare is violent, but he obeys.

Lord above, he obeys. Lucifer lets his head tilt back and he loses himself to sensation: Dean has a mouth on him, in all senses of the phrase, and yes. He can feel Dean's tongue pressing against him, he can feel the barest hint of teeth, he

can feel the suction and it shines a hot light of arousal through him.

Lucifer cries out, blasphemes in his pleasure, and comes in a hot rush down Dean's throat.

After Lucifer's shower the next morning (wherein Dean sucks him again and tries to punch him over the pain the tiles gave him) he forces Dean to dress him again.

This time, however, he hands the holster to Dean.

"Wear it," Lucifer says. "If you like, shoot me with it. It won't free either of us, but it will be satisfying, won't it?"

"I could shoot myself."

"And then I could claim Sam. Surely his mouth would be as good as yours, hm?"

Lucifer watches Dean fight with himself, and he watches Dean's love of family win out. The gun goes in the holster, and Dean takes the money clip when Lucifer hands it over.

Lucifer rewards his choice with a kiss, a gentle one full of promise, and doesn't mind how Dean growls under his breath.

"You're a good servant, Dean," Lucifer murmurs, lips inches from Dean's, and he smiles as he steps back.